

NETOP

TFHS



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OF

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VOL. VI

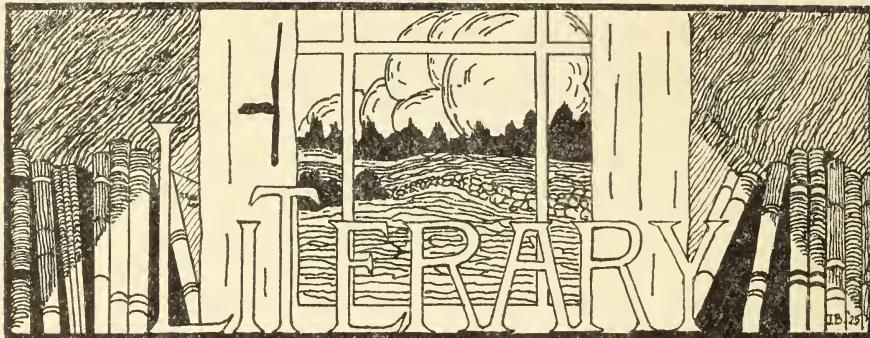
MARCH, 1926

NO. 2

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Published quarterly by the students of the Turners Falls High School. Entered as second class matter at the Turners Falls Post Office. Circulation Five Hundred. Price twenty-five cents per copy. On sale in Turners Falls at the High School and at the Corner Book Store, also in Millers Falls at C. L. Cook & Company's Store, and in Montague at Day's Store. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917.



TWENTY THOUSAND MILES ABOVE THE EARTH

(Continued from last issue)

Down, down, down I was rushing. It was a terrible sensation that feeling as if the bottom had dropped out of everything and I was hurtling down through interminable darkness. It seemed as though I had been falling through space for ages though in reality it was only a few minutes; but, I reflected, one's last moments on this earth are claimed to be the longest.

Then a dormant memory cell in some far corner of my brain must have stirred itself for suddenly I began to rehearse, without knowing just why, the final instructions which had been given to me; but I thought that my tired faculties would never grasp that message which my mind was trying to convey to me. Then everything came to me with a rush and I began to repeat those parting words, "The flow of liquid nitrogen may be retarded and I have arranged it so that you can start it if necessary and....."

I leaped to my feet and pulled feverishly upon a small lever. As hope was renewed within my breast my blood leaped anew in my veins; nothing happened and my heart was gripped with an icy hand and the very marrow of my bones congealed as I thought of my horrible fate. And then a giant force picked me up and hurled me about, crashing me first against the roof, then against the floor as the rocket stopped its descent so suddenly that it actually

turned over, end over end, four or five times, before it finally righted itself and resumed its onward journey.

After breathing a silent prayer I stood up once more. Looking out that small square of transparent glass-like metal, I found that I had ascended far beyond the point to which I had previously gone. One glance at the thermometer told me this for the mercury could barely be seen and I estimated the reading to be about—225 Centigrade. Instead of air outside the rocket there seemed to be a white frost much like carbon dioxide snow. This was due to the fact that the extreme cold condition of the air had frozen all the moisture and, in reality, it was always snowing in these high regions. I stood there for some time fascinated at the sight of the rapidly dropping mercury when suddenly the cold snapped the thermometer in half and both pieces disappeared from sight.

The small clock had stopped long ago and I estimated the time that I had been in the air to be about ten hours. By this time I began to feel the pangs of hunger, but the inventor being a very scientific person, and having little regard for such things, had entirely neglected this phase of the subject. Consequently I was forced to go hungry, but just then hunger was the least of my worries.

I stationed myself near the small aperture, but there was nothing to

see except that cold looking and unfriendly appearing white mist. I seated myself again and began to think, which, strange to say, was something I seldom did in those days, always having been accustomed to having someone else do my thinking. However I had chosen the wrong time to start thinking for myself. When I realized how far I was away from any living thing, I began to be frightened at my position. Soon I drove away that feeling of depression but then I became lonesome.

I became so lonesome that I actually began to cry but as I could not wipe away my tears I gave it up as a bad job. Then I realized that I did not wish to die at all and that life is the dearest of man's few cherished possessions and I bitterly cursed myself for ever starting on that foolish journey. If I had known any way by which I could have stopped that mad onward rush I would instantly have applied my knowledge and returned at once to terra firma. As it was I sat down and prepared to meet my Maker. I must have gone mad for a moment for I began to

have most horrible thoughts. In all probability I would go on and land on some planet where I would die. But, I reasoned in my madness, if my remains are on some distant planet when the end of the world comes and resurrection day rolls around how can I go to enjoy my due reward in Heaven? The more I thought about this the more terrified I became.

For one mad moment I contemplated ending my life by ripping off my air tight suit and attempting to wreck the machine. Then I realized that I would not have to commit suicide for my end was even then quickly approaching. My head felt queer and the whole room swam before my eyes. I thought this due to the fact that the lack of air in the room was having its effect. My fears were confirmed when I felt small streams of blood running down the sides of my mouth, and out of my ears. I could scarcely sit upright in my chair now. At last there came a great rush of blood from my mouth and I pitched forward unconscious to the floor!

(To be continued.)

ONE WAY TO PUNISH A BOY

It was a warm day in June. The class was restless and on the watch for mischief. The teacher had been "keeping company" with a young man late the night before and her temper was short. As usual it fell upon Johnny Brown to do and be caught in some misdemeanor.

Now Johnny had a fearsome appetite for pie. Pie was always found in his dinner basket. It was his obsession. He thought of the luscious piece of mince pie reposing in his basket. If only he could—But wait!—Couldn't he just creep down the aisle a bit, turn into the cloakroom, get the pie, return, and eat it in peace behind his geography while teacher was hearing the other class recite?

It was no sooner planned than attempted. Johnny slid carefully to the floor and crept silently along on hands and knees. His whole class was watching him in suspense. He reached the cloakroom safely.

"Ah! Now for the pie," thought Johnny. With the pie in his mouth he dropped to his hands and knees again, and crawled to the door of the cloakroom. He paused there to regard the teacher a moment. He was a funny picture—red hair, freckles, big ears, pie, and creeping position. One of the girls giggled. Teacher looked up.

"Johnny!" said teacher sternly.

"Yes, Ma'am," said Johnny, carefully removing the piece of pie from his mouth.

"Come here! Now you eat the pie and tomorrow I'll bring you a whole pie to eat before the class. I'll see if that will cure you of eating pie in school hours."

Teacher kept her word. The next day she brought an entire pie and, to the vast amusement of the class, Johnny ate it. Then, "Very nice pie, ma'am. I hope you'll bring another tomorrow," smiled the incorrigible Johnny.

THE DANCE OF THE DRUIDS

Stonehenge, once classed as one of the four wonders of England, is a giant circle of upright stone pillars on Salisbury Plain in the southern part of England. How these stones were ever raised from the ground and arranged in such a perfect circle has always been a mystery. It is thought that this giant circle served as a site for the sacred rituals of the ancient Druids. The Druids were the high priests of ancient Britain and were probably among the first men who believed in a Supreme Being. They worshipped fire, and human beings were often sacrificed to it. A person about to be sacrificed was always adorned with mistletoe, the sacred emblem of the Druids. Druidism is believed to have died out after the rise in power of Rome.

Robert Payson and his three friends, John Stanhope, Philip Church, and Malcolm Woods were touring Great Britain leisurely when they suddenly conceived the idea of visiting a friend in Duncashire, Salisbury, who had a reputation of being a wonderful maker of wines. Incidentally, they decided to take in Stonehenge during their visit.

They arrived at Drummond's, the maker, late in May and lost no opportunity of having a good time, sampling all the beverages their friend could concoct, inducing the innocent villagers to try their luck at poker, and laughing at the simply told legends of the Druids at Stonehenge. The older, more sensible people of Duncashire wagged their heads knowingly and said that these four men would come to no good end. However, Payson and his party took no notice of these comments and continued with their debauchery.

One evening, the five cronies were having a particularly boisterous party and the dust-covered bottles went the rounds many times. While they were laughing and joking hilariously, a quiet young man sat at the foot of the table listening to all the talk but imbibing none of the wine. Suddenly, at some remark or other of Church, this individual took offense.

"The Druids were not old fakers as you term them, my friend," re-

marked this man quietly, "and Stonehenge is not the work of any modern stone-cutter. The Druids were sincere in their faith and were also, mind you, particularly sensitive to being laughed at. Perhaps the wine has affected you or perhaps you are merely skeptical, but I would advise you to take a care what you say or do, as strange things have happened at Stonehenge before." Church snorted and stared at the speaker insolently. From the working of this features, it was evident that he was angry.

"Huh. And what is it to you, my very religious young man, what I say? Druids? Stonehenge? Pooh! for fifty cents I'd sleep every night in the old boneyard, the old mistletoe-slingers to the contrary!"

"Very well, my good man, I will take up your suggestion. It is now drawing near Midsummer's Night, the time at which the Druids are supposed to perform their religious dance at Stonehenge. I will give you one hundred pounds if you sleep there alone on that night!"

Church and his comrades stared at the man incredulously. Then he roared with laughter.

"A hundred pounds, is it? Well, consider it mine. I never turned down a hundred pounds for a good night's sleep yet!"

He paused and then raised his brimming cup impressively. "Gentlemen," he said, "Here's to my dreamless sleep in Stonehenge to-morrow night!"

The next afternoon, Church went about the village looking for the young man but could not find him, nor did any of the villagers seem to know of anyone answering to that description. Church concluded that his opponent had thought better of his mad wager and fled, but he determined to sleep in Stonehenge that night just to show Payson and the others his courage.

The moon was very bright on Midsummer's Night and lit the broad expanse of Salisbury Plain with a somewhat ghostly light. The awesome pillars of Stonehenge were silvery under its spell. Philip Church looked down at this scene from a

low ridge nearby and smiled. Then he yawned and decided to go down to his rather unusual bed. As he and his party had examined the place before, Church did not take the trouble to look about as he entered the massive circle but made his way straight toward a slab of stone in the center on which he had decided to spend the night. He threw a heavy blanket over the stone and then lay down and composed himself for the night. He reflected for a time on the foolish bet of the young man but, having spent a particularly wild day in Duncashire, he soon fell asleep.

The moon, which up to this time had been shining very brightly over the plain, now began to be slightly overcast. The wind, rising in the hills, moaned with a doleful sound over the ridge and the darkness under the trees grew deeper. Then faint music sounded somewhere and a strange company of people filed slowly between the tallest pillars of Stonehenge. They were all clad in long, flowing white robes and all carried a sprig of mistletoe. They wound slowly about the ancient sacrificial altar in the center of the circle, chanting an ancient hymn at the same time.

Philip Church woke some time later to witness a fearful sight. Bent over him was a tall man, in a flowing robe with a cowl over his head

and gazing at him with piercing eyes. At the same time he noticed that a group of people similarly clothed were alternately bowing and kneeling around his improvised bed. Then he saw with terror this apparition raise high over his head a wicked-looking dagger, the handle of which was beautifully inlaid with jewels. Church tried to move and cry out but his voice failed him. Then the knife slowly descended, the jeweled handle sparkling in the night, while the chant of the others grew louder.

When Philip Church did not appear at Drummond's the next morning, Payson and his friends immediately set out for Stonehenge. The sight that met their eyes as they entered the stone circle was a horrible one. Church was lying flat on his back on a huge slab of stone in the center with a beautiful dagger thrust to the hilt in his chest. On his head was a crown of mistletoe and his features were horribly distorted.

Payson, Stanhope, and Woods left England the very next day and on their arrival in America became total abstainers and went to church every Sunday. What dreadful deed happened in Stonehenge that eventful Midsummer's Night can only be guessed at, but the old people in Duncashire nod their heads and say "I told you so."

M. L.

THE PANAMA CANAL

Verse has never been written about
the Panama Zone,
Of Goethals, its administrator, its
climate, its homes,
Think of the heartaches and money
it cost,
When all but Goethal's patience was
lost.

Of the great net work of machinery
in motion,
Of the failure of De Lesseps and his
heroic devotion,
Adding the years, money and pa-
tience together,
We have as is seen today a me-
morial endeavor.

To appreciate the value of this great
work
We need but to enumerate the tons
of dirt,

A line of pyramids nine miles long,
And labor cannot be bought for a
song.

A trip through the canal is an ex-
perience rare,
The grand water boulevard, the
scenery, the air,
The electric cars, the locks, and
stairs,
All serve as a bracer for all your
cares.

This waterway was not altogether
built for pleasure,
But for a purpose of more infinite
measure—
The navy, that it might defend the
coasts,
And as an aid to the commerce, of
which the world boasts.

G. L. '27.

BEARS

"Wal, ez I wuz sayin,' the bars ey been troubelin' us folks a mighty lot this winter," stated old Pop Saunders, the best hunter along the Toebec River. Over in a corner of the room two boys nudged each other.

"Say, Pop," piped up one of them, "does the Gov'mint give much fer killin' em?"

"Not a cent, son, not a cent, but I'll pusonnily give seventy dollars and a brand new Wesson rifle to anybody that kills old Silver King. He's been raisin' hob with my stock."

The two boys gasped excitedly and a murmur of comment ran around the room. The old hunter thrust his thumbs under the bands of his suspenders and tetered back and forth in his chair. The two boys, twins, and sons of old Jasper Miggins, the tightest man in Toepec County, rose and departed. When they had gone Pop, after helping himself from the cracker barrel, chuckled gleefully and said, "Now, you all watch them boys work their tarnel heads off tryin' to win that reward."

When the boys reached home, they went to the barn and took their snow-shoes, axes, and rifles from their pegs. They put on the snowshoes and picking up the axes and rifles trudged into the woods. They cut a tree and dragged it over to a pit

where a bear trap had been the winter before. They set the trap by suspending the log over a pan in which they placed freshly killed rabbits as bait and then departed for home. Several times that week they visited the trap and reset it but with no avail. One day they were forced to go into town for some groceries. As usual, when they entered, Pop was in the middle of an outlandish yarn. They bought the articles for which they had come and then took a seat by the little box stove. When Pop had finished his yarn the talk shifted to bears.

"Thet reminds me, Hi" he said, "I need a package of '45's. My black milch cow disappeared this mornin'. I bet old Silver King got her."

It was then that the boys remembered that they had not visited the trap for several days. Leaving the excited group at the store they hurried homeward and trapward. As they neared the trap they saw some black fur projecting above the edge of the frame.

"A bear! A Bear!" they yelled and made tracks for home.

Soon the entire personnel of the Miggins farm was assembled in the vicinity of the trap. They crept cautiously to the edge of the pit and there—crushed by the massive dead-fall, lay Pop Saunders' milch cow!

W. Mc. '28.

THE VALLEY OF DEAD MEN

India is a land of mystery. Mystery, sinister and foreboding, which her Anglo-Saxon rulers have never been able to fathom. It was this mystery that attracted a party of English into a country of the Afghans quite a distance from the farthest boundary of British India. Many tales drift over the border relating in a gruesome manner the weird happenings in a jungle land abandoned since the time when the Brahmas at the height of their power were put to the sword by the conquering Mohammedans. Many ruined forts and palaces lie half buried in the dense

jungle, a home for any denizen of the wilderness or of the air. Adventurous Englishmen have disappeared into this primeval land never to be seen or heard of again.

One tale concerned the palace of the Sultan Ka-Tarrh in the valley of Ah-Chu. Not one of the natives would venture into this valley because no one who had entered it had ever returned. It was said that the ghosts of slain warriors fought again on moonlight nights in the ruined halls of the ancient castle. This report aroused the curiosity of Captain John Walton of the Border Patrol

and his Subaltern, William McIntosh. They decided to explore this valley and Abdul-Din. A Pathan of noble birth and commander of a native regiment was to accompany them that he might visit the lands his ancestors had once owned and governed. They also were to bring three Sikh soldiers along as servants and to give the little company strength in case of a battle with the Afridi.

The expedition started the 31st of August with an extended leave of three months. Each man carried a heavy calibre rifle with ammunition, while food and equipment for two months were carried by coolies. The company trekked slowly through the jungle for two weeks without a sign of animosity on the part of the natives until they were traversing a lonely pass. A shot rang out and one of the coolies dropped to the ground wounded on the thigh. The fire of the guerrillas was weak and the steady shooting of the English rifles soon caused them to withdraw leaving two of their number on the ground. After this the Englishmen were attacked but twice and they lost only two men as the coolie soon recovered from his flesh wound. On the 28th of September they entered the valley minus the two coolies who had deserted the night before.

The white walls of the old palace were glimmering among the trees in the moonlight. They camped some distance from these ruins and that evening one of the soldiers vanished from camp. The next day the body

was found in the lower hall of the castle with no marks of violence at all upon him. He had fallen on a heap of skeletons and broken bones which were all that remained of others who had visited the place. Two nights later another man was killed in the same manner. The remaining three staid in the room the next night in an attempt to unearth the cause of the deaths. All went well until about eleven o'clock when a slight hissing noise was heard and the watchers were aware of a feeling of dizziness. The captain saw his subaltern fall to the floor and then all went black. When he returned to consciousness the Pathan was fanning him with a hat. The subaltern never recovered his senses.

The next day the two investigated and found beneath the floor a tunnel which they tested and found to be filled with gas. The captain's theory is that after the desertion of the palace some commotion within the earth liberated a natural gas and when the air pressure decreased the gas was allowed to seep into the rooms above. The Pathan was killed fighting his way back to civilization and it was five weeks before the tattered relic of what was once the captain dragged itself into the outpost at Punjabi and collapsed. No one has ever proved his story and no one will ever try to prove it and so it is the only logical solution to one of the many mysteries of the dark and lonely jungles of India.

T. R. '27

THE SEA SHELL

Upon the beach, near the sea,
I found a shell,
And to my listening ear the lonely
thing
Ever a song of ocean seemed to sing,
Ever a tale of ocean seemed to tell.

How came the shell upon the beach?
Who can say
Whether it was dropped by some
careless hand,
Or whether there cast when Ocean
swept the Land,

Ere the Eternal had ordained
the Day?

Strange, was it not? Far from its
native deep
One song it sang,
Sang of the awful mysteries of the
tide,
Sang of the misty sea, profound and
wide,
With echoes of the ocean it
rang.

M. G. '27.

RESCUERS AND RESCUED

Mildred and Grace were idly throwing pine cones into the water and begrudging the fact that they had had to stay at the camp while the other girls and their chaperon had gone to the village to get provisions.

These girls belonged to a group known as the "Girl Scouts of America" and for the past week they had been having a wonderful time at their camp on the Connecticut River.

Mildred and Grace had been the girls who had drawn the slips "Stay at camp" and the rest had left at once. As they sat talking Mildred suddenly said, "What's that floating over there on the river?

"It's a woman with a red dress on and she's drowning. Hurry! The launch!" cried Grace and they rushed down to the landing and were soon flying through the water. Grace drove and as they got nearer and nearer to the woman she cried "Dont give up, we're coming." She prepared to drag the unfortunate one into the launch. The two girls looked at each other. Then they quietly fell into the bottom of the launch, tears of laughter streaming down their faces. They both shrieked together. "It's—It's a—" and were unable to finish the sentence. They

decided to rescue her and by the time they reached the camp they had a well planned scheme in mind.

Thirty minutes later when the girls arrived, laden with baskets and bags they were greeted by Mildred and Grace who, with their fingers over their lips, whispered "Sh-h!"

"What's the matter? Somebody killed?" asked Gladys.

"No" answered Mildred. "There's a lady here who's sick. She was drowning in the lake when Grace and I saved her. Now she's in our tent asleep."

A murmur of excitement rose and Blanche asked "May we see her?"

"You may if you are very quiet" was the reply.

Silently the girls entered the tent and on tiptoe when they saw the figure wrapped in blankets. Suddenly a loud scream rent the air and out of the tent rushed the girls clinging weakly to each other, Blanche carrying the object of their laughter. Then in one accord they shrieked "It's a wooden Indian lady and they saved her. Oh! Oh!"

As soon as they had quieted somewhat, they decided that the Indian lady would be a good mascot for the "Girl Scouts."

A. W. '26.

THE CHASE

Loud over the fields rang the bungle's clear long call,
Quickly from the stables came horses, men, and all.

When the hounds were ready, straining at the leash,
The horn again was winded, the signal for release.

Speeding over hill and dale, just a mere flash of red,—
The fox was bounding swiftly, a mile or so ahead.

They found the trail, and lost it, those horses, dogs, and men,
But, circling for a moment, they caught the scent again.

The dogs were whining gladly, the spirit in their veins
Was speaking, praying, hoping that

they might win again.

Again the fox delayed the pack, it was a clever move,
For, bounding down a mossy bank, into a brook he clove.

The hunters circled round and round for they were at a loss,
Suddenly one espied the prey and they began to cross.

For hours and hours, for miles and miles, the fox outran the dogs,
And then he made his first mistake—running into a bog.

Up came the dogs—the fox was game—but outnumbered ten to one,
There came a sharp and piercing cry—and then the chase was done!

R. J. '27.

THE MYSTERY OF BLACK SWAMP

Black Swamp had a disreputable name in the township of Clayville in the northern part of Maine. No child and, as a matter-of-fact, no grown person had courage enough to venture within miles of it after dark and there were those who would not go there even in the light of day. In the first place, a man had been murdered there many years ago and it was believed that his ghost haunted the spot. Then, too, there were eerie sounds to be heard and mysterious lights to be seen by anyone who was brave enough to go there after dark. Rumor had it that the largest and most venomous snakes in the world lurked in the murky pools of the swamp and there were places where one would sink down out of sight without the slightest warning. Altogether, the natives of Clayville regarded this locality with great awe and fear, mixed with curiosity.

Frank Harris was a newcomer to Clayville. He had heard stories of the fine hunting and fishing in that part of Maine and decided to make that his home for the months of September and October. He, too, had heard the stories of the infamous Black Swamp but, being a hardened traveler and experienced, he regarded all this talk as mere country exaggeration.

Several days later he was high up in the mountains back of Clayville following the trail of a deer when he became aware of the fact that the sun was dropping slowly in the west and the shadows of twilight were beginning to creep in under the trees. He began to hasten back to town as he had no wish to spend the night in an unknown part of the Maine woods with the possibility of becoming lost before him. Consequently, he moved along as rapidly as possible taking little or no heed of the small game which scurried away before his approach.

Suddenly, as he was picking his way through a particularly thick undergrowth he realized that he was in a strange part of the forest. The objects about him had an unfamiliar aspect and everything was quiet and brooding, unlike the places where he

was accustomed to hunt. The thought struck him instantly, "I am lost."

As he was an experienced woodman he did not become panic-stricken but calmly climbed a tall tree in an attempt to get his bearings. Through the gathering gloom he could see nothing and gave himself up to a night in the solitudes of the North Woods.

When he reached the ground, for the first time he noticed that he was in a marshy country with several murky black pools shining in the moonlight about him. Hearing the mournful cry of a whip-poor-will, he decided that he was in the very center of the Black Swamp itself. All the wild and romantic stories he had heard of this dread spot came back to him and he glanced nervously here and there half-expecting the ghost of the murdered man to come stalking among the twisted stumps and vines of the Swamp. Not normally a timid man, he cannot be blamed for feeling some nervousness at this particular moment.

Harris decided that he would be less likely to become frightened if he moved about so he struck off among the slimy stumps and pools into the swamp. He was just climbing over a sunken mossy log when the ground gave way beneath him and he disappeared from sight. A large black snake slipped off a root into the water. Then, on noiseless wings a giant owl flapped off into the mysterious night. All was quiet in the Black Swamp.

When Frank Harris did not return to Clayville the next day, little was thought of it. He was often missed in the morning after he had been hunting but he usually returned by noon. However this time night came again and still no sign of the hunter. A posse was gathered and the next morning they set out in search of the lost hunter.

All the forest around was scouted fearfully but Frank Harris was not found. Then someone suggested examining the Black Swamp. At first the others were loath to do so but finally, because of their liking for Harris, decided to give the place a

thorough search. Accordingly the ten men entered the great Black Swamp. In the light of day the Swamp did not seem so hostile but still it was mysterious. The posse searched diligently on the outskirts of the marsh and then, finding nothing, began to penetrate to the very heart of the Swamp. They sounded every pool but all they brought out were huge snakes and once a giant turtle.

Then, just as they were about to give up, they heard the sound of a conflict. It seemed to come from under their very feet. With frightened features they looked down and to their amazement, noticed a large opening masked by a large overgrown log. With cries of excitement they pushed to the hole and peered in. It turned out to be a large tunnel from which came sounds of a battle which they had heard.

The posse of men lowered themselves into the tunnel and found Frank Harris in a desperate fight with a giant of a man. They rushed upon them and soon Harris' opponent was overpowered.

Then the hunter, with warning signs, informed them that a large band of smugglers had their den some distance farther down the tunnel. His recent opponent had found Harris in the tunnel and the battle had ensued. The posse crept forward and by a surprise attack captured the eight smugglers. Then it was found that these men had made use of the many stories about the Swamp to make it their hideout and they had operated for years here until, by accident, Harris had discovered them. Harris and his friends were duly rewarded and Black Swamp was no longer a place to fear.

M. L. '27.

THE ATTACK AT DAWN

Dark, lonesome, ever wary,
As I tramped my weary beat;
For companions, I had stars
And the warm sand at my feet.
Comrades sleeping, always trustful,
I must watch those few hours
through,
And in the morning I might rest,
When the second watch was due.

Hours passed, and I was sleepy.
I could scarcely keep awake.
My sentry duty should be o'er
But the relief still was late.
I patrolled the beat once more.
My rifle was heavy as lead.
I closed my eyes a moment,
And pictured we all were dead.

The gruesome thought awoke me.
And I peered through the moonlit
night,
The sand dunes all about me,
And the oasis and closed tents at my
right.
The hobbled horses glistened silvery,
As they nibbled the low sweet weeds,
And stars above shone down, like
phosphorescent beads.

Right before the day was breaking
And all was still and dark,
A cry rose up around us

And rifles began to bark.
That cry, bloody through the ages,
So drawn, so shrill and weird
Was the harbinger of the Arabs
Of the desert tribes, most feared.
I clutched my bugle tightly, and blew
the danger call
And from the silent tents beyond
Came our men, well armed with
swords and all.

The Arabs circled around us
There were nigh two hundred men.
We fought like demons, bathed in
blood
Though the odds were four to ten.
A shot pierced my side and around
about I spun,
But before I closed my eyes in a
faint
I saw that the battle was won.

The sun was breaking over the dunes
And flooding the desert with light.
And where minutes before it was
alive with foe
Only the dead now revealed the fight.
'Tis night and I lie in my cot,
Scarce able to lift my head.
And the guard patrols the mortals'
post
And angels patrol for the dead.

MELROY CASSIDY, '27.

THE HAND OF DEATH

Many men have seen ghosts, felt ghosts, and heard ghosts, but I believe that I am the only one who can claim the distinction of having seen and heard thousands of ghosts all in one night.

It happened many years ago, to be exact it was in August 1923, when I was only seven years of age. My father at that time was traveling in Europe searching for specimens of the Paleozoic age. We were accompanied by Professor Roberts and had just arrived in Belgium. One night when we were some distance from Antwerp, the car broke down in the middle of a sunken road. We prepared to camp out that night in a little hollow nearby. All went well until nearly midnight when the whole party was awakened by the unmistakable sounds of a great battle. Near at hand we could hear the sharp report of rifle fire mingled with the groans of dying men and the hoarse commands of the officers. Both in the front and in the rear we could hear the dull booming that told of heavy artillery fire. Over our heads rifle balls and cannon shot were whistling and our nostrils caught the scent of powder smoke. Then during a sudden lull the sound of bugles playing the "Charge" of the French Army drifted to our ears and we heard the sound of horses and men advancing at double quick. The firing was redoubled and then over the brow of the hill came the most magnificent charge that I have ever seen. The ghostly figures were cut down in rows, but still they came on. When they reached the road where our car had stopped they went down

to their deaths by hundreds. The moonlight filtered through the clouds and we could see their broken bodies piled in heaps. Away on the right wing the remnant of a gallant regiment stood, forming a hollow square, and surrounded by a ring of foes whose guns were belching hot lead. Then darkness settled before we could see their banners. My father and the professor decided to escape from this perilous position, but before we had gone ten paces my two companions reeled and fell with blood spurting from a score of wounds. I crawled back to the hollow and waited for dawn while divisions passed and repassed as the foe was driven back. Soon I was behind the lines of fighting instead of between them.

As the sun rose above the horizon I came cautiously from my hiding place and crept to my father and his friend and found them dead. There were no signs of battle whatsoever around us and there were not even rifle balls in the wounds. There was not a single other dead body where I had seen hundreds fall, but yet my father and the professor had been killed in some unearthly manner.

My uncle supported me until last year when on the same date I returned to the exact spot where we had seen the ghostly armies and there I camped out again. Nothing happened and I have never ascertained the cause of those mysterious deaths. I can swear that I saw the whole battle but I cannot fathom what it meant. Many persons have offered solutions and you will probably have yours, but I feel that it will never be solved.

More Fire

Waiter—Yes, sir, we're very up-to-date. Everything has to be cooked by electricity.

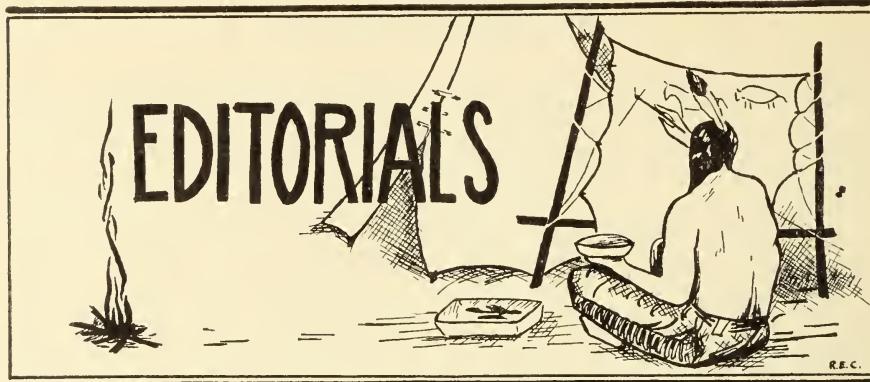
Diner—I wonder if you would mind giving this steak another shock?

T. R.: (in English) "If you can think and not make thinks your master."

Always Alert

On a Kentish country road a motor-car left the highway and dashed into a coppice. It is presumed that the highly trained machine scented a brace of pedestrians lurking in the undergrowth.

R. V.: "In the Peabody Museum are skeletons of different monkeys—apes, oranges, and men!"



T. F. H. S. SCIENCE CLUB

What was formerly known as the Radio Club has reorganized under the new title "The T. F. H. S. Science Club."

The interest up to the present time in the radio field has been limited to those of you who have sets in your own homes. This new organization affords you ample opportunity to carry on your work which you have already begun and it will also open new fields of opportunity to the rest of you whose interests are in other directions.

To you who have taken or are taking a course in science this new organization probably appeals the most. Through this medium you are offered a chance to supplement your course with talks, demonstrations, and discussions of subjects which cannot be thoroughly treated during the regular period, due to lack of time. This club offers an opportunity for individual work; if you are interested in dyeing you can experiment with dyes; if you are interested in explosives you will be able to experiment on a small scale with them; if you want to be a doctor you can have the chance to dissect animals.

The foundation of modern civilization is science and it is to be regretted that so many young people complete their secondary education, which is in many cases, their school career with such a meagre knowledge of the sciences.

Many of you because of the particular course you are pursuing have never studied the sciences, with the possible exception of Junior Science.

But this fact should not deter you from joining. In fact you should look upon it as your final chance, not to study intensively, but to observe that part of science study which is of the most interest to every student, namely the laboratory work, the experiments and demonstrations. Join now and you will never regret it!

From your earliest years you have been obliged to adapt yourself to conditions caused by gravitation, inertia, heat, air pressure, etc; you soon learned to use mechanical and electrical devices empirically but haven't you ever been curious about some of these phenomena which you meet every day? You can readily acquire a greater knowledge of all these things and hundreds of other interesting facts and theories. But you will never understand them without the clarifying influence of scientific explanation and without that enlargement of vision which comes from the scientific way of looking at them.

As your parents can well testify you have, from the time you learned to speak, always asked questions; which proves that you have scientific interest as a natural endowment. Now is your chance to satisfy your craving for scientific knowledge so think it over carefully before you reject this fine opportunity.

Upon your ability to see quickly what is taking place, to understand the reason for it and to know how to deal with it depends the progress of each and every one of us and the life of this nation.

Enroll now! ! !

The first meeting of the Science Club was held on Wednesday, January 13th. The following officers were elected:

President Leslie Reed
Vice-President Melroy Cassidy
Secretary George Marston
Treasurer Milton Strehle

On October fourteenth the Pro Merito Society of Western Massachusetts had its annual convention at Amherst. Nearly one hundred and fifty representatives from high schools and academies were present. After a tour of the Amherst grounds, dinner was served and then the football game between M. A. C. and Worcester Polytechnic Institute was attended.

Three members of the Senior Class, Robert Verner, Henry Lawrence, and Malcolm Alber, attended this meeting. At the business meeting of the society, reports of the activities of the organization were read and we were surprised to learn that in most schools the Pro Merito members organized and as in any society or organization, held social af-

fairs during the year. Nothing has ever been done in this direction in Turners, but there is no reason why it cannot be accomplished in the future.

The basketball season has already opened and several games have been played. From all indications Turners is well represented and has a strong team which, with proper backing by the school, will prove to be a winning team. Do your bit and attend at least every home game that is played. A good round of cheers and the proper support has won many a game by urging the players to their best when they realize that every one is pulling for them to win. But what good does it do to attend a game if you are scattered here and there throughout the audience. Massed applause and massed cheering is the only kind that has any effect; scattered cheering is weak and has little effect. At the next game which you attend get together with the other members of the school and show the right spirit in the right way.

GEOMETRY

I'm up against the Geom-i-tree. During the storming of Troy a soldier came upon an old man drawing figures in the sand. It was Anaxugaras, one of the first to formulate geometry. He cried, "Don't touch my figures." Angered, the soldier killed the man and marched on. Oh, how I wish he had destroyed the figures, if he had to devastate something. Then perhaps, there wouldn't be that bugbear of a junior's life, Geometry!

Often it runs through my mind, "What earthly use is Geometry? It's only angles, lines and triangles, circles, arcs and primes." They say it is a brain exercise. Geometry certainly is, but a rather strenuous

one. The mathematical grey matter in some of us must have departed in fear when we struck the Geom-i-tree! It is all right for the one who makes up the propositions. All he has to do is to put them together in a book for the pupils to ponder and fuss over. Many are the audible sighs in the class room when the instructor finishes giving out the propositions to be put on the board. They are sighs of relief, not regret! Their only regret is that Geometry is required for college entrance.

Well, the only way out, that I can see, is to plod along and either saw down the Geom-i-tree, tunnel under it or go around it; anything to overcome it.

M. McG.



ATHLETICS



Basketball

In spite of the fact that Mr. Lorden has been greatly handicapped by the lack of a hall in which to practise consistently he has turned out a fast team this year. He has spent many hours of patient work with the boys and we can clearly see the results. Up to the game with Springfield Tech, not a defeat had been administered to this team on the home floor, and our towns-people are very much satisfied with their showing. In the past few years the basketball spirit has waned perceptibly but last year Mr. Lorden sized up his material by having interclass ball and he has rounded them into a group of hoopsters who have once again brought this sport into the limelight. Just a few words now about support. So far a fair gathering has been present at the games but there are always plenty of empty seats. Let's fill them! If Mr. Lorden and the boys are willing to sacrifice hours of their time why can't every student show a little "blue blood" and present himself at the games? Support is as necessary to a team as gas to a car so let's give it to them. Your school deserves it; your coach deserves it; your team deserves it.

Following are the scores of the games played thus far this season:

We started the season on Dec. 8 by defeating South Deerfield on their home floor, 23-12.

TURNERS FALLS

	Gls.	Fls.	Pts.
Escott,	R.F.	3	0
Martineau	R.F.	1	0
Webber	L.F.	0	0
Szwiec	L.F.	2	0
Cassidy	C.	0	0
Lawrence	C.	3	1
Waraska	R.G.	1	0
Stotz	R.G.	1	0
Kaweski	L.G.	0	0
Shea	L.G.	0	0
Totals	11	1	23

SOUTH DEERFIELD

	Gls.	Fls.	Pts.
Picklock	R.F.	1	0
Wells	L.F.	1	1
Powers	C.	2	1
Graves	C.	1	0
Warren	R.G.	0	0
Sagon	L.G.	0	0
Powers	L.G.	0	0
Totals	5	2	12

On December 10 the team invaded Northampton and defeated Saint Michaels by a score of 13-11.

TURNERS FALLS

	Gls.	Fls.	Pts.
Escott	R.F.	3	1
Martineau	R.F.	0	0
Webber	L.F.	0	0
Szwiec	L.F.	0	0
Prondecki	C.	1	0
Lawrence	C.	1	0
Waraska	R.G.	0	0
Stotz	R.G.	0	0
Kawecki	L.G.	1	0
Totals	6	1	13

SAINT MICHAELS

	Gls.	Fls.	Pts.
Finn	R.F.	1	0
Hurley	R.F.	0	0
Flynn	L.F.	1	2
Kurney	C.	0	0
Lyons	R.G.	2	1
Doherty	L.G.	0	0
Maynard	L.G.	0	0
Totals	4	3	11

On Dec. 11 we defeated Amherst High at Hibernian Hall, 41-19. The game was better than the score would indicate but our boys were out to win and they did. The Amherst second team defeated the Turners seconds by a score of 15-12.

TURNERS FALLS

	Gls.	Fls.	Pts.
Escott	R.F.	1	0
Martineau	R.F.	3	0

NETOP

21

Webber	L.F.	1	0	2	Prondecki	C.	0	0	0
Szwiec	L.F.	6	3	15	Stotz	C.	0	1	1
Prondecki	C.	1	0	2	Waraska	R.G.	0	0	0
Lawrence	C.	4	0	8	Escott	R.G.	0	0	0
Waraska	R.G.	0	0	0	Kawecki	L.G.	0	0	0
Stotz	R.G.	2	0	4	Shea	L.G.	0	0	0
Kawecki	L.G.	0	0	0					
Shea	L.G.	1	0	2	Totals		3	1	7

Totals 19 3 41

AMHERST		HIGH	
		Gls.	Fls. Pts.
Smith	R.F.	2	1 5
Joy	L.F.	3	0 6
Stanseski	L.F.	1	0 2
Eldridge	C.	1	0 2
Howe	R.G.	0	0 0
McMaster	R.G.	0	0 0
Parnell	L.G.	2	0 4

Totals 9 1 19

Our boys took the second game from South Deerfield by the score of 51-14. The Turners second team also won defeating the Deerfield seconds, 32-4. Szwiec scored nineteen points for Turners.

TURNERS		FALLS	
		Gls.	Fls. Pts.
Escott	R.F.	6	0 12
Martineau	R.F.	4	0 8
Webber	L.F.	1	0 2
Szwiec	L.F.	9	1 19
Prondecki	C.	0	0 0
Lawrence	C.	1	0 0
Waraska	R.G.	0	0 0
Stotz	R.G.	0	0 0
Kawecki	L.G.	0	0 0
Shea	L.G.	4	0 8

Totals 25 1 51

SOUTH DEERFIELD			
		Gls.	Fls. Pts.
Picklock	R.F.	2	1 5
Wells	L.F.	2	1 5
Powers	C.	1	1 3
Warren	R.G.	0	1 1
Sagon	L.G.	0	0 0

Totals 5 4 14

Score at half time 26-5.

Referee—Casey.

We were defeated for the first time at Amherst on Dec. 19 by a score of 17-6.

TURNERS		FALLS	
		Gls.	Fls. Pts.
Escott	R.F.	1	0 2
Martineau	R.F.	1	0 2
Szwiec	L.F.	1	0 2

Prondecki	C.	0	0	0
Stotz	C.	0	1	1
Waraska	R.G.	0	0	0
Escott	R.G.	0	0	0
Kawecki	L.G.	0	0	0
Shea	L.G.	0	0	0

Totals 3 1 7

AMHERST		HIGH	
		Gls.	Fls. Pts.
Smith	R.F.	1	0 2
Stanseski	R.F.	0	0 0
Joy	L.F.	3	1 7
Eldridge	C.	0	0 0
Stanseski	C.	0	0 0
Howe	R.G.	0	0 0
McMaster	R.G.	0	0 0
Parnell	L.G.	4	0 8

Totals 8 1 17

The High School team defeated the Alumni by a score of 25-19. The second team defeated the L Street Steamrollers by a score of 26-11.

TURNERS FALLS

TURNERS		FALLS	
		Gls.	Fls. Pts.
Escott	R.G.	0	0 0
Martineau	R.F.	1	0 2
Szwiec	L.F.	2	3 7
Prondecki	C.	0	1 1
Stotz	C.	3	0 6
Waraska	R.G.	2	0 4
Shea	R.G.	1	1 3
Kawecki	L.G.	0	0 0
Escott	L.G.	1	0 2

Totals 10 5 25

ALUMNI

ALUMNI			
		Gls.	Fls. Pts.
Woods	R.F.	1	0 2
Lakoskie	L.F.	3	1 7
Charron	C.	1	0 2
J. Casey	R.F.	2	0 4
P. Casey	L.G.	1	0 2

Totals 9 1 19

Our team suffered their second defeat of the season when they were defeated at Arms Academy by a score of 38-20.

TURNERS FALLS . . .

TURNERS		FALLS	
		Gls.	Fls. Pts.
Martineau	R.F.	3	1 7
Escott	R.F.	1	1 3
Szwiec	L.F.	2	0 4
Stotz	C.	0	1 1
Martineau	C.	1	0 2
Waraska	R.G.	0	1 1
Kawecki	R.G.	0	0 0

Escott	L.G.	1	0	2	Parson	L.G.	0	0	0
Webber	L.G.	0	0	0	Burrow	L.G.	0	0	0

Totals		8	4	20	Totals		11	1	23
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ARMS ACADEMY

		Gls.	Fls.	Pts.			Gls.	Fls.	Pts.
Perkins	R.F.	5	1	11	Martineau	R.F.	9	1	19
Purrington	L.F.	5	3	13	Shea	L.F.	6	0	12
Kratt	C.	2	3	7	Prondecki	C.	3	0	6
Woods	R.G.	1	3	5	Stotz	R.G.	6	0	12
Hoyt	L.G.	1	0	2	Waraska	L.G.	1	1	3
Reed	L.G.	0	0	0	Kawecki	L.G.	1	0	2
Totals		14	10	38	Totals		26	2	54

TURNERS FALLS

		Gls.	Fls.	Pts.			Gls.	Fls.	Pts.	
Martineau	R.F.	6	0	12	Totals	ORANGE	HIGH	Gls.	Fls.	Pts.
Szwiec	L.F.	7	1	15	Hagner	R.F.	1	0	2	
Stotz	C.	1	0	2	Derosiers	R.F.	0	0	0	
Escott	R.G.	0	0	0	MacLean	L.F.	0	1	1	
Shea	L.G.	1	0	2	Hilton	C.	0	0	0	
Totals		15	1	31	Walker	R.G.	1	1	3	

ATHOL HIGH

		Gls.	Fls.	Pts.			Gls.	Fls.	Pts.
R. Murphy	R.F.	2	0	4	Martineau	R.F.	5	0	10
Aiken	L.F.	3	1	7	Szwiec	L.F.	5	0	10
Evans	C.	2	1	5	Prondecki	C.	1	0	2
Cosgrove	C.	0	0	0	Shea	C.	0	0	0
Choquette	R.G.	2	1	5	Stotz	L.G.	0	0	0
Cosgrove	R.G.	0	0	0	Shea	L.G.	2	1	5
J. Murphy	L.G.	3	0	6	Escott	L.G.	0	0	0
Totals		12	3	27	Totals		13	1	27

At Amherst our boys were defeated by the M. A. C. Second Year Team by the score of 23-12.

TURNERS FALLS

		Gls.	Fls.	Pts.			Gls.	Fls.	Pts.
Martineau	R.F.	1	2	4	Martineau	R.F.	5	0	10
Szwiec	L.F.	0	0	0	Szwiec	L.F.	5	0	10
Gartrell	L.F.	0	0	0	Prondecki	C.	1	0	2
Prondecki	C.	0	0	0	Shea	C.	0	0	0
Webber	C.	1	1	1	Stotz	L.G.	0	0	0
Stotz	R.G.	1	1	3	Shea	L.G.	2	1	5
Waraska	R.G.	0	0	0	Escott	L.G.	0	0	0
Shea	L.G.	2	0	4	Totals		13	1	27
Totals		4	4	12					

M. A. C., 2-Yr.

		Gls.	Fls.	Pts.			Gls.	Fls.	Pts.
Holland	R.F.	1	1	3	Donovan	R.F.	6	0	12
West	L.F.	5	0	10	Slate	L.F.	8	0	16
Teft	L.F.	0	0	0	Stelm'v	R.F.	0	0	0
Ryan	C.	5	0	10	Leslie	L.F.	1	0	2
Viale	R.G.	0	0	0	Hooker	C.	4	0	8
Massa	R.G.	0	0	0	Joy	R.G.	0	0	0
					Oristof's	R.F.	1	0	2
					Stelm'v	L.G.	2	0	4
					Totals		21	0	44
					Referee—Casey.				

On Jan. 15 the team trimmed Orange High at the Hibernian Hall by the score of 54-10. "Teddy" Martineau starred making nine goals.

TURNERS FALLS

		Gls.	Fls.	Pts.			Gls.	Fls.	Pts.	
Martineau	R.F.	9	1	19	Totals	ORANGE	HIGH	Gls.	Fls.	Pts.
Shea	L.F.	6	0	12	Hagner	R.F.	1	0	2	
Prondecki	C.	3	0	6	Derosiers	R.F.	0	0	0	
Stotz	R.G.	6	0	12	MacLean	L.F.	0	1	1	
Waraska	L.G.	1	1	3	Hilton	C.	0	0	0	
Kawecki	L.G.	1	0	2	Walker	R.G.	1	1	3	
Totals		26	2	54	Haley	L.C.	2	0	4	

The fastest game of the season was played in Hiberian Hall on Jan. 5 with Springfield Tech. The half ended with the score at 14-13 but in the last half Tech proved too strong and soon pulled away. The final count was 44-27.

TURNERS FALLS

		Gls.	Fls.	Pts.			Gls.	Fls.	Pts.
Martineau	R.F.	5	0	10	Martineau	R.F.	5	0	10
Szwiec	L.F.	5	0	10	Szwiec	L.F.	5	0	10
Prondecki	C.	1	0	2	Prondecki	C.	1	0	2
Shea	C.	0	0	0	Shea	C.	0	0	0
Stotz	L.G.	0	0	0	Stotz	L.G.	0	0	0
Shea	L.G.	2	1	5	Shea	L.G.	2	1	5
Escott	L.G.	0	0	0	Escott	L.G.	0	0	0
Totals		13	1	27	Totals		13	1	27

SPRINGFIELD TECH

		Gls.	Fls.	Pts.			Gls.	Fls.	Pts.
Donovan	R.F.	6	0	12	Donovan	R.F.	6	0	12
Slate	L.F.	8	0	16	Slate	L.F.	8	0	16
Stelm'v	R.F.	0	0	0	Stelm'v	R.F.	0	0	0
Leslie	L.F.	1	0	2	Leslie	L.F.	1	0	2
Hooker	C.	4	0	8	Hooker	C.	4	0	8
Joy	R.G.	0	0	0	Joy	R.G.	0	0	0
Oristof's	R.F.	1	0	2	Oristof's	R.F.	1	0	2
Stelm'v	L.G.	2	0	4	Stelm'v	L.G.	2	0	4
Totals		21	0	44	Totals		21	0	44
Referee—Casey.					Referee—Casey.				

JOKES AND JESTS

History Gleanings

Gelatine was Secretary of the treasury under Jefferson.

In Vermont they will not hang a man with a wooden leg.

Napoleon was so frail that his guardians would not allow him to go out in a strong wind for fear that he would blow away.

All those who have'nt their topics done I want to hear from or they will hear from me.

The battle between the "Merrimac" and the "Monitor" was the first fight on the sea.

Mr. Burke: "How would you change the valence from two to twelve?"

K. W.: "I'd put—a "1" in front of the "2"!"

"That ice man is a lovely man," said the little girl to her mother. "This morning that great big horse stepped on his foot and he just sat down on the curb and took his foot in his hand and talked to God about it." Ex.

H. B. "With a lunge the track-man ran around the arena!"

T. L.: "In the first part he told about his father and his other descendants."

M. S.: (in French) "How poor we are! Hurrah! Hurrah! (Helas! Helas!)"

Not So Easy

Magistrate—"This man's watch was fastened in his pocket by a safety-pin. How did you manage to get it?"

Prisoner—"Well, Judge, I usually gets five dollars fer six lessons."

T. L. (in Latin) "When Cicero was hunting for him Catiline flew over the walls of the city."

A. P. (in Chemistry) "Graphine is used in stove polishes because it fills up the pores in the stove."

T. L.: "He walked down the street and spoke to the man in the checkered suit with a familiar tone."

Every real American has two real ambitions, first, to own a home; second, to own a car to get away from home. Ex.

The young lady had asked the guide every possible and impossible question. Suddenly, she saw one of those paths of smooth unbroken water which are occasionally seen on small lakes when a light breeze is blowing. "Guide, guide," she said pointing, excitedly to it. "What is that? Look, that funny streak in the water." "Ah," said the guide "that's where the road went across the ice last winter." Ex.

School Teacher—"John, you are not doing anything. The Devil always finds something for idle hands to do. Come up here and I will give you some work." Ex.

THE SOLDIER APE

"Was it you, or who was it that said they would like to hear an interesting incident of the African jungles," remarked Jim an old adventurer.

"It was I," I confessed.

"Well to begin with, my companion, Jack Hale, and I had ventured far into the jungle. Vines climbed to the tops of the trees and from the vines hung huge reptiles. The trees were covered with moss, and the underbrush was very thick. We found a large pool of clear spring water and decided to pitch the tent here. We soon had the tent up and our supper eaten. We decided to arise early on the morrow to go farther inland. We went into the tent and bundled up in our blankets and lay down. We were on our way to dreamland when a roar from the black forest made us sit bolt upright. I quickly coveted my high powered rifle and placed it in a position where I could easily reach it. I expected to see a lion or some other wild beast jump to safety into the woods, but I saw nothing, I turned over and said goodnight to my companion. I was surprised that my companion did not answer. I looked over to where he was and I saw a pale fellow with hair sticking up straight on his head. His eyes bulged from their sockets and his lips mumbled, he was praying. I followed his gaze and at the sight that met my eyes my heart ceased to beat and the blood froze in my veins. There in the door way was the largest ape I had ever beheld. His thick lips rolled back and he let a roar escape from his throat that bounded from tree to tree in the jungle. I was paralyzed with fear. My muscles refused to act and try as I would, I could not pick up my gun. Slowly the monster with great bony arms that hung below his knees advanced. He was very close, so close I could feel his breath on my face. Again that horrible roar and that ended everything for me, I fainted."

Some hours later my eyes slowly opened and I heard my companion say, 'Awake, Jim?'

I pinched myself to make sure that I was still on Mother Earth. What happened? I asked.

"Oh, are you referring to our

little visitor of last night who dropped in to say hello?"

"Tell me what happened," I demanded.

"Oh, I just said shoo, beat it out of here and the little fellow was so plumb scared that he ran as fast as he could back into the forest."

"Cut the fooling, I want facts."

"Well you went to bye-bye-land on a peaceful nod and I saw it was up to me to act. I was about to grab my gun when the big thing moved and picked up your highest powered rifle, held the gun to his heart and pulled the trigger. Now do you think that interesting?"

"I do," I replied.

"Well I have got to turn in for to-morrow I must get up early and think of a new story."

"Good night," I said and started homeward.

"Officer," said the Judge, "What's the charge against this man?"

"Bigotry, your honor," said the officer. "He's got three wives."

"Officer," said the Judge, "I am surprised at your ignorance. That's not bigotry, that's trigonometry."

Ex.

A Recipe

To avoid a colorless existence, keep in the pink of condition; do things up brown, treat people white, be well read, and get out onto the golf green under the blue occasionally.

When people have a very contagious disease they are put in insular hospitals, they are also put in insulation hospitals.

The Philippines are in the West Indies and the West Indies are in the Pacific Ocean.

Stude—"What makes you think that Mr. Jones won't give you a flunk in your exam?"

Another—"I know he can't. I handed in an anonymous paper."

Ex.

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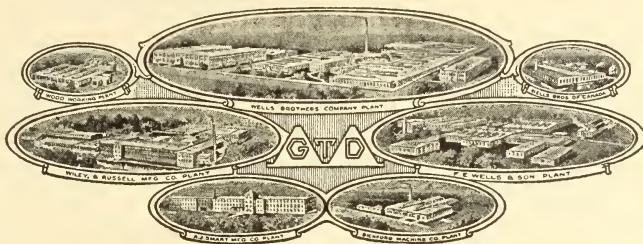
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